

Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe meete
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst looke.

Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy ioue, thy wit,
Which like a Vniuerſe abound'st in all:

And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy ioue, thy wit:

Thy Noble ſhape, is but a forme of waxe,
Digreſſing from the Valour of a man,

Thy deare Loue ſworne but hollow periturie,
Killing that Loue which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.

Thy wit, that Ornament, to ſhape and Loue,
Miſhapen in the conſult of them both:

Like powder in a ſkillefle ſouldiers flaſke,
Is ſet a fire by thine owne ignorance,

And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence,
What, rowſe thee man, thy Juliet is aliue,

For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou ſlew'ſt Tybalt, there art thou happy.
The law that threatned death became thy Friend,

And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe or bleſſing light vpon thy backe,

Happineſſe Courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhapen and fullen wench,

Thou putt'eſt vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.

Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:

But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to Mantua,

Where thou ſhalt liue till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,

Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more ioy

Then thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,

And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto.

Romeo is coming.
Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſaid here all night,
To heare good counſell: oh what learning is!

My Lord he tell my Lady you will come.
Rom. Do ſo, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Heere ſit, a Ring ſhe bid me giue you fir:
Hee you, make haſt, for it growes very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.
Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here ſtands all your ſtate:

Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguiſ'd from hence,

So iourne in Mantua, hee find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,

Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rom. But that a ioy paſt ioy, calls out on me,
It were a grieſe, ſo briefe to part with thee:

Farewell. *Exeunt.*
Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue ſaine out fir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:

Looke you, the Iou'd her kinfman Tybalt deately,
And ſo did I. Well, we were borne to die.

'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. Theſe times of wo, afford no times to woo:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, ſhe is mew'd vp to her heauineſſe.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my Childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rul'd

In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,

Acquaint her here, of my Sonne Paris Loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wendſday next,

But ſoft, what day is this?
Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wendſday is too ſoone,
A Thurſday let it be: a Thurſday tell her,

She ſhall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haſt?

Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, Tybalt being ſlaine ſo late,

It may be thought we held him careleſſly,
Being our kinfman, if we reuell much:

Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end, But what ſay you to Thurſday?

Paris. My Lord,
I would that Thurſday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thurſday, be it then:
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hee,

Afore me, it is ſo late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,

That pierc'd the ſcarefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,

Beleue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of the Morn:

No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious ſtrakes
Do lace the ſeuering Cloudes in yonder Eaſt:

Nights Candles are burnt out, and I ſecond day
Stands tipto on the miſtic Mountaine tops,

I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die.
Jul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:

It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone,

Rom. Let me be tame, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.

He ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of Cinthias brow.

Nor that is not Larke whoſe noates do beate
The vaulty heauen ſo high about our heads,

I haue more care to ſtay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, Juliet wills it ſo.

How iſt my ſoule, lets talke, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is, hee hence be gone away:

It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords, and vnpleaſing Sharps.

Some ſay the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion:
This doth not ſo: for the diuider vs.

Some ſay, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt ſ-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and itli ght growes.

Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.
Enter Madam and Nurſe.

Nur. Madam.
Jul. Nurſe.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is coming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kiſſe and hee deſcend.

Jul. Art thou gone for Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I muſt heare from thee euery day in the houre,

For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,

Ere I againe behold my Romeo.
Rom. Farewell:

I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.

Jul. O thinkeſt thou we ſhall euer meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue

For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I haue an ill Diuining ſoule,

Me thinke I ſee thee now, thou art ſo lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,

Either my eye ſight failes, or thou look'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me Loue, in my eye ſo do you:

Drie ſorrow drinks our blood. Adue, adue. *Exit.*
Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,

If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:

For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.

Enter Mother.
Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Jul. Who iſt that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is he not downe ſo late, or vp ſo early?

Lad. What vnaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
Jul. Why how now Juliet?

Jul. Madam I am not well.
Lad. Euer more weeping for your Cozins death?

What wilt thou waſh him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him liue:

Therefore haue done, ſome grieſe ſhewes much of Loue,
But much of grieſe, ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weepe, for ſuch a feeling loſſe.
Lad. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the Friend

Which you weepe for.
Jul. Feeling ſo the loſſe,

I cannot chuſe but euer weepe the Friend, I weep
Lad. Well, Giſle, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,

As that the Villaine liues which ſlaughter'd him.
Jul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That ſame Villaine Romeo.
Jul. Villaine and he, be many Miles aſunder:

God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

Lad. That is becauſe the Traitor liues.
Jul. I Madam from the reach of theſe my hands

Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.

Then weepe no more, he ſend to one in Mantua,
Where that ſame baniſht Run-agate doth liue,

Shall giue him ſuch an vnaccuſtom'd dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe Tybalt company:
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatiſfied.

Jul. Indeed I neuer ſhall
With Romeo, till I behold

Is my poore heart ſo for
Madam if you could find

To beare a poiſon, I would
That Romeo ſhould vpon

Soone ſleepe in quiet. O
To heare him nam'd, and

To wreake the Loue I be
Vpon his body that hath

Mo. Find thou the m
But now he tell thee ioy

Jul. And ioy comes w
What are they, beſeech y

Mo. Well, well, the
One who to put thee fro

Hath ſorted out a ſudden
That thou expect'st not, n

Jul. Madam in happy
Mo. Marry my Child

The gallant, young, and
The Countie Paris at Sai

Shall happily make thee
Jul. Now by Saint Peter

He ſhall not make me the
I wonder at this haſt, cha

Ere he that ſhould be Hu
I pray you tell my Lord

I will not marrie yet, and
It ſhall be Romeo, whom

Rather then Paris. The
Mo. Here comes you

And ſee how he will take

Enter
Cap. When the Sun ſet

But for the Sun ſet of my
It raines downright.

How now? A Conduit
Euer more ſhowing in o

Thou counterſaits a Barl
For ſtill thy eyes, which

Do ebbe and flow with
Saying in this ſalt floud

Who raging with the te
Without a ſudden calm

Thy tempeſt toſſed bod
Haue you deliuered to h

Lady. I ſir;
But ſhe will none, ſhe gi

I would the fool were
Cap. Soft, take me wi

How, will ſhe none? dot
Is ſhe not proud? doſt ſh

Vnworthy as ſhe is, tha
So worthy a Gentleman

Jul. Not proud you
But thankfull that you h

Proud can I neuer be of
But thankfull euen for h

Cap. How now?
How now? Choſt Log

Proud, and I thank you
Thanke me no thanking

But ſettle your fine ioin